



"A picture of father and mother."—

How it would delight your children, how it would please your friends.

**R. W. Jenkins**  
PHOTOGRAPHER  
RENTAL AND REPAIRS

### BUGLE NOTES

The doughboys who saw the marines start off today, with two men each to the two machine guns, and two apiece to the tripods, are wondering how they turned the trick for a long march. When, after ten minutes, the burdens were passed over to another set of hussies, while a change of rifler for revolvers was also effected, they saw how it was done.

The Reds and the Blues may be at war but that doesn't prevent a quiet game of ball in the company streets. Some of the soldiers are traveling light with a toothbrush and a baseball. Their "bunkies" carry a comb and glove.

"Dead men tell no tales" is an old proverb, but to disprove it just attend one of the critiques that follow maneuvers, and hear the theoretically shot air their grievances.

"If each side really wounded as many as they think they have," said Major De Witt, senior surgeon. "I would have to have at least fifty medical officers on the job."

The marines could use a little transportation, thank you. Those Colt automatic guns are somewhat heavy on the shoulder on a long hike, to say nothing of the tripods.

Those band horses that the umpires are riding are gradually becoming reconciled to an unmagical war. However, a little thing like a penny whistle is likely to stampede them.

Major Noble, who was injured by falling on a guava spike, was on the firing-line yesterday. One day was all that he would consent to stay out of the game.

Sparks from the Wireless. Local wireless stations were in touch with two trans-Pacific steamers, which reported positions and probable time of arrival at the port of Honolulu. Kahuku heard from the following last evening:

T. K. K. Shinyo Maru, en route from San Francisco, 8 p. m., Oct. 23, 1912.—Will arrive Friday morning.  
S. S. Maverick, en route from San Francisco.—Will arrive on Thursday.

## Schofield Barracks A Deserted Village

Four Bands Do Guard Duty,  
While Three Chaplains  
Eke Out Forces

[Star-Bulletin Staff Correspondence]  
SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, Oct. 23. Schofield Barracks, the biggest and one of the busiest posts of the United States army, now looks like the Deserted Village. A captain of infantry, commanding three chaplains, a veterinarian and a dental surgeon comprise the commissioned personnel while four bands doing guard duty, a few convalescents and the post non-commissioned staff make up the total enlisted strength.

But there is no cloud without its silver lining, and while many of the ladies are bewailing the desertion of their male dependents, there are a few militant suffragettes who are glorying in the knowledge that a brigade post is being manned (?) by women, and that they have the full run of the whole stretch from Wahiawa to Kolekole pass.

The feminine population, however,

is divided against itself, and Red wives will hardly speak to Blue sisters when they meet on the line. The reason is that the Red invaders are camped within easy walking distance of the First infantry's permanent camp, while the Blue army is two miles away, prevented by the distance and the feeling that they are in the enemy's country from visiting their own homes. The Red soldiers are jangling it around Schofield, with the swag of true conquerors, while the Blues are shouldered out of house and home. The Blue ladies are that in feelings as well as in name.

Even the dogs have deserted the post, for most of them are "soldier dogs" and would no more think of deserting their various organizations than of overlooking a buried bone. Many of the canines with the Red army have ribbons of that color around their necks, while Blue dogs are decorated in the same way. It might be mentioned in passing that after three days of showery weather, the dogs' husbands are in better condition than the soldiers.

## RED ARMY TAKES PEARL CITY

(Continued from Page 1)

Another stand was made close to where the road turns off to go to Schofield Barracks. The machine gun again was put into action and two troops of cavalry aided in driving out the Blues. The last stand of the desperate defenders was made at Wahiawa bridge, and for a time the Red advance stopped, the Blues holding off the Red cavalry and partially succeeding in blowing up this bridge. This, however, will not delay the cavalry or infantry, as the ford is good, and the artillery is so far behind that it will not be delayed by the time it arrives, for the bridge will be repaired.

The reinforcements of the Red army and their success in pressing forward have flushed the men with the forecast of victory. Today's fighting, while intermittent, was as interesting as any to date.

## BLUES FALLING BACK TODAY

(Continued from Page 1)

celebrated battery being well known. This is the last good artillery position before reaching Pukaki Hill, which overlooks Honolulu and Pearl Harbor.

A large body of infantry to right and a body of massed cavalry to right of "Gen." McGunnegle's position have been severely shelled.

9:30.—Battery limbered up and joined main body at a gallop 10 a. m.

Hard Pushed.

Captain Orton, who won fame in the battle of Lelihu Plains, Oct. 22 by marching squadron of cavalry across the Wahiawa trails, is now holding enemy in check at head of trial Honolulu side of Kipapa Gulch.

10:30.—Captain Hall's squadron, which came by way of Waiapahu, joined Captain Orton at junction of Honolulu-Wahiawa road. He will relieve Captain Orton, whose men and horses are very nearly "all in" just now, but will be in good shape after an hour's rest.

12 M.—Aloha, Oahu.—Up till this hour the running battle has been kept

## STAR-BULLETIN IS FIRST AT THE FRONT

Officers and men of the armies now operating in the vicinity of Schofield found nothing more welcome at the close of the day than the special service of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin which enabled them to obtain the afternoon paper at 5 o'clock.

A special automobile with three newboys laden with Star-Bulletins made the trip to the camp of the Blue army and then on to Schofield. The papers were sold out in a twinkling, the men buying them up almost before the boys could reach headquarters.

This special service will be continued during the maneuvers, newspapers being taken to the camps by automobile. Every member of the armies is looking for the Star-Bulletin, which is regarded on all sides as covering the maneuvers most accurately and in a manner thoroughly up to date. Wednesday's edition of the Star-Bulletin was five thousand copies.

up. The Blues have gone into camp at Moanalua and the Reds at Pearl City.

## VALUES HIGHER TAXES LOWER

A net increase of \$18,000 in the assessed valuation of real and personal property in the Territory, excluding all exemptions, over the valuations of last year, will form the basis for figuring the tax rate to be levied next year. This, says Treasurer Conkling, will mean a relative and very material decrease in the tax rate—just how much as yet not been ascertained.

The tax rate for the present year was figured on last year's net assessed valuation of real and personal property, which was \$150,000,000, but the valuation has jumped since then to \$168,000,000. The Treasurer is figuring on the tax rate now, though it may not be definitely determined for several weeks, the law requiring only that it shall be set before the beginning of the new year.

You may fail, but you might try to love your neighbor as yourself. It takes faith to enable a man to enjoy a meal in a cheap restaurant.

## Republican Meetings Tonight AT WATERTOWN

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## Battery D, Blues, Makes Fine Record

Capt. Hopkins Complimented  
for Brilliant Piece of  
Maneuvering

By CHARLES NORTON  
(Staff Correspondence by Telephone to Star-Bulletin.)

WITH THE BLUE ARMY, in camp near Schofield Barracks, October 23.—Capt. F. E. Hopkins, commanding Battery "D" of the Blue Army, was highly complimented by "General" Withers for a brilliant piece of artillery maneuvering as this "war" has yet seen. The Captain's Battery, as stationed yesterday, was stationed at the Water Tower on Kokoale Hill and shortly after seven a. m. engaged the enemy's artillery located on the crest of Kaulanahua Hill. After a few salvos had been fired the battery suddenly limbered up and dashed away at full gallop, always under cover, to a position 1000 yards distant towards the mountains. Firing a few shots at this point the same move was repeated, thus giving the enemy the impression that three batteries were in action, so quickly were the two moves

executed. Three minutes from unlimbered until again in action is considered a record. Captain Hopkins modestly disclaims any credit to himself, saying this is simply another case of the "man behind the gun" being entitled to all the glory.

An Humble Hero.  
"Noblesse oblige" is generally supposed to be the special qualification of the "blooming" spangler officer, as Kipling terms him. Here is a sample of the spirit that made possible Brandywine and Valley Forge. Private Matthews, Co. B, 2nd Infantry, was carried to the rear with a painfully sprained ankle; after being bandaged properly, he asked First Sgt. Cook to present his compliments to Capt. McGee, his Company Commander, and would the Captain come to see him at hospital. The Captain certainly would and did. "Captain, I want your permission to return to the Company; there hasn't been a single man who has fallen out and I don't want to be that man," pleaded this gritty young soldier. The Captain, much affected by this touching and manly appeal, granted permission, subject to Captain-Surgeon Cullen's opinion.

## Umpires Springing Surprises Like War

Even When Hostilities Cease,  
Troops Are Constantly  
Alert

BY LAURENCE REDINGTON  
(Star-Bulletin Staff Correspondent with the Red army.)

HEADQUARTERS, RED ARMY, Near Schofield Barracks, Oct. 23.—Cessation of hostilities at noon doesn't by any means indicate that war is over for the day, in the present campaign. Far from it. Although the snap of blank ammunition may have ceased and the Red and Blue troops returned to their respective camps, the state of war still theoretically exists, and the very nearness of the enemy means that everyone, from the brigade commander to the greenest recruit, is on the qui vive for what the next day may bring forth.

For the officers, and those of the staff particularly, this period between maneuvers means anything but a rest from the physical labors of the morning. Each day's problem offers an entirely new phase of the general situation, and a careful plan of campaign must be laid out beforehand so that when the troops actually take

the field everything will go off with the clockwork smoothness necessary for the successful conduct of any military action.

Following out the idea that the present maneuvers should be as nearly like real war as circumstances and common sense would permit, General Macomb and his umpires, who are directing operations from the central station at Castner, are not handing out their instructions to the opposing commanders in advance, but are sending them sudden and unexpected orders which necessitate quick thought and quick action. For instance, it was not until 8 o'clock Tuesday night that Colonel McGunnegle, the Red commander, received the special situation for the following day, according to which the whole Red force was called to take the field at 6 a. m. At midnight came another message from the chief umpire, to the effect that it would not be necessary for the troops to take their wagon trains along and that camps which were pitched after the first contact on the reservation could be left standing. This, as may be imagined, made a world of difference to everyone concerned, quartermasters and commissaries receiving the news with sighs of relief, while the enlisted men decorated themselves with broad grins.

Both armies took a man-killing hike Tuesday, and then went into action without having a chance to rest. After fighting for the better part of three hours they were marched, a couple of miles more, and then required to make regular camps. In this the Blue army fared somewhat better than did the Reds, for the wagon train of the former arrived shortly after 3 o'clock, allowing the men to get well shaken down long before dark.

The Reds were up against a much tougher game, for the wagon train did not get the word to move from Kawaihapai, where the first night's camp was made, until nearly 1 in the afternoon. Army transportation isn't the speediest thing in the world, and the result was that the sun set long before the tents and blanket rolls arrived. It was well after 6 before the men got their coffee, and when you march and fight a soldier all day, and then hold up his coffee, he has a right to feel much aggrieved. Still the Reds seemed to take everything as a matter of course, and no grumbling was heard, but in the light of Tuesday's program it is easy to understand just how the order about leaving camp intact struck them. It meant less work, and also that there would be no protracted hike, for going out at 6 in the morning they were practically certain of being back again by noon.

Reds in Council.  
Colonel McGunnegle and his staff officers were in council until late last night, and today's engagement showed that their plans had been well laid. Before the column left camp the Red commander had chosen the position, he could fall back on, one of the strongest defensive points on the whole island, and the disposition of the troops of his command was also

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known. All that remained was to get the men and guns into place in the least possible time, and this was accomplished with the smartness and dispatch that has characterized all the movements of the invaders.

When the Red column left camp this morning, the sight was well worth seeing. The artillery and cavalry had to go through the main gate of the reservation and go the long way by road to reach their stations, while the infantry took the short cut across the steep trail through the Kaulanahua Gulch. The mounted troops, however, were camped to the north of the infantry and marines, so that when both columns started at the same time the foot soldiers had to check to let the guns and troopers by them. The latter went along at a trot, and so nicely was the meeting timed that when the last infantryman puffed up the side of the gulch and gained the main road the first battery of artillery put in an appearance. Both columns came from camp to the meeting place in record time.

Sat Tight for Battle.  
Yesterday's battle was easy for the Red soldiers from the standpoint of actual hiking. Once arrived at their chosen position, which was on a hill north of the new post, and a little over three miles from camp, all that they had to do was to sit tight, and rake the enemy with rifle and artillery fire. In some instances the enemy refused to be raked, but that is one of the handicaps of mimic warfare. There's really nothing that will convince a soldier that a place is too hot for him, but the sing of bullets and the sigh of dropping comrades.

The Blues had to do the hard work today, and that they were unsuccessful was due more to the Reds' practically unassailable position than to any lack of courage or dash on their part. In fact, they were so keen to be "up and at 'em" that they covered ground in the face of fire that had there been real lead behind it, would probably have checked them for at least a day.

Red Cavalry Covers Ground.  
The red cavalry, or some of it at any rate, was the exception to the rule and covered a lot of ground. It also found itself under a hot fire more than once, and suffered a ten per cent loss, together with having one machine gun put out of action by the umpires. This Red cavalry, consisting of D troop and part of A troop, was commanded by the dash-

### FIREMAN, ON PILOT OF LOCOMOTIVE, KICKS BABY OFF THE TRACK

SILOU CITY, Ia., Oct. 9.—When Mike C. Dodge, a fireman on the Milwaukee railroad, looked out of the cab window between Jefferson and McCool, today, he saw a child playing on the track. Realizing that the engineer could not stop the train in time, Dodge jumped out on the running board and made his way to the pilot. Just as the engine was rushing upon the child, Dodge reached out with his foot and kicked the little one to safety. The child was Gerald Allard, the 2-year-old son of a farmer. He landed in a ditch and the only souvenir of his escape from death was a few bruises.

When a young widow faces the parson for the second time she is apt to balk at the "honor and obey" clause.

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